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have not gone together through the crises occasioned by the birth and death of children, nor watched over each other through illness, suffered together over a bad crop or rejoiced over a good one, sat around the fire and eaten their evening meal together, or shared the same one-room house for many years. Out of these is built up affection.

One can apprehend an affectionate attitude, but it is rather difficult to give the concrete details of its existence. However, in times of crises, such as illness, it is seen quite clearly. Then the mate carefully looks after the ill one and does everything possible to show his affection. This was brought out particularly during the illness of Pulong, whose baby was born prematurely and died. Pulong lost consciousness and was quite ill. No one knew whether she would live or die. She was lying on the bed inside her mother's house, and was surrounded by the women of her own and neighbouring hamlets, some of whom rubbed her with powdered lime over which magic had been said and gave other native medicines. Outside, in front of the house, Ongas her husband sat. He seemed completely isolated and alone. When the women inside wept, he too wept a little. Then he stopped weeping and just sat with bowed back, his head in his hands, a picture of great grief and loneliness. Because his wife's illness was connected with childbirth it was taboo for him to enter the house where she was lying. The other men of the hamlet, including the woman's maternal uncle, went about their business as usual. One man mended his house. Others brought in firewood and were busy with preparations for a small feast. But Ongas sat alone and apart from the others. As Luluai he must attend the feast, but it was unthinkable that he should eat in the midst of his sorrow.

Toward the end of the day eight women carried Pulong from the house where she had been lying to an empty house on the beach, because they thought it would be more com-

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fortable for her to lie on the sand which formed the floor than on the rather narrow bamboo bed. Ongas, with his daughter, went into this house and sat on the bed close to where Pulong was lying on the sand. This was the first time he had seen his wife since she gave birth to the dead infant, and he wept. Presently he got up and took the fishing-net, which stood in the corner, out of the house and put it in another house. This seemed to be merely for the sake of something to do, although there was a vague idea that the fishing-net might be in the way. Then he brought a coconut shell filled with powdered lime from the house where Pulong had been to where she now was. The other men had gone to another feast at the far end of the village, but Ongas remained at home, grieving.

The next day Pulong was a little better, and it was thought that she would live. Yesterday that was considered doubtful. Then Ongas could not talk about it, but when the danger was past he was able to tell me how terribly sad he felt yesterday when he thought his wife was going to die, and that when he thought of the future without her he did not know how he could bear it. Who would look after him? And the loss of companionship! There was no mistaking either his very real grief or his true affection for his wife. His sorrow, like all other emotions, was felt in his abdomen.

Pulong continued to improve, and in a few days' time she walked a few paces for the first time. Ongas held her affectionately by the arm and half supported her as she took a few steps on the beach. However, she quickly felt faint. The next day Ongas roamed the bush looking for sugar-cane, for which she had expressed a desire. A few days later he made a new bed for her, which he said would be more comfortable than the old one. When he was not busy getting a coconut, or sugar-cane, or performing some other service for his sick wife, he sat either in the house with her or in front. He was the perfectly devoted husband. In attendance

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also on the sick woman were her daughter and her mother's sister (who stands in the relationship of mother to her, her own mother being dead). The other women of the hamlet, when not busy in their gardens or with their cooking, sat in front of the house where the ill woman was confined.

Gradually she improved. At the end of a week she walked slowly, with the aid of a bamboo pole, to her own house, just because she wanted to look at it. This was her home, to which she was strongly attached, so she desired to see it. But the little walk left her very short-winded. After she assured herself that everything was all right in her home she returned to the beach house, where she stayed for another week before going finally to her own house. At the end of a couple of weeks she had completely recovered, except for being rather short of breath, and was again at work in the garden.

When Nunda, an old woman, was ill, her husband, Towi, showed the same kind of affectionate care of his wife as did Ongas. In all the other cases of illness which I witnessed there was this same affectionate attitude between mates.

QUARRELS

Yet this does not prevent quarrels, which sometimes grow to wife-beating between these very same mates. For a husband to beat a wife is no uncommon incident, and it happens in the happiest of marriages. It is considered a normal part of married life, and, as one native man said (as a statement of fact rather than cynically), "Beating one's wife is the custom of marriage." I witnessed many domestic quarrels, and I heard about others. There is nothing secret or intimate about a family quarrel. It is usually noisy, and both seen and heard by anyone who happens to be in the neighbourhood. It causes no surprise, and is taken as a part of the daily routine. The incidents which give rise to them are generally